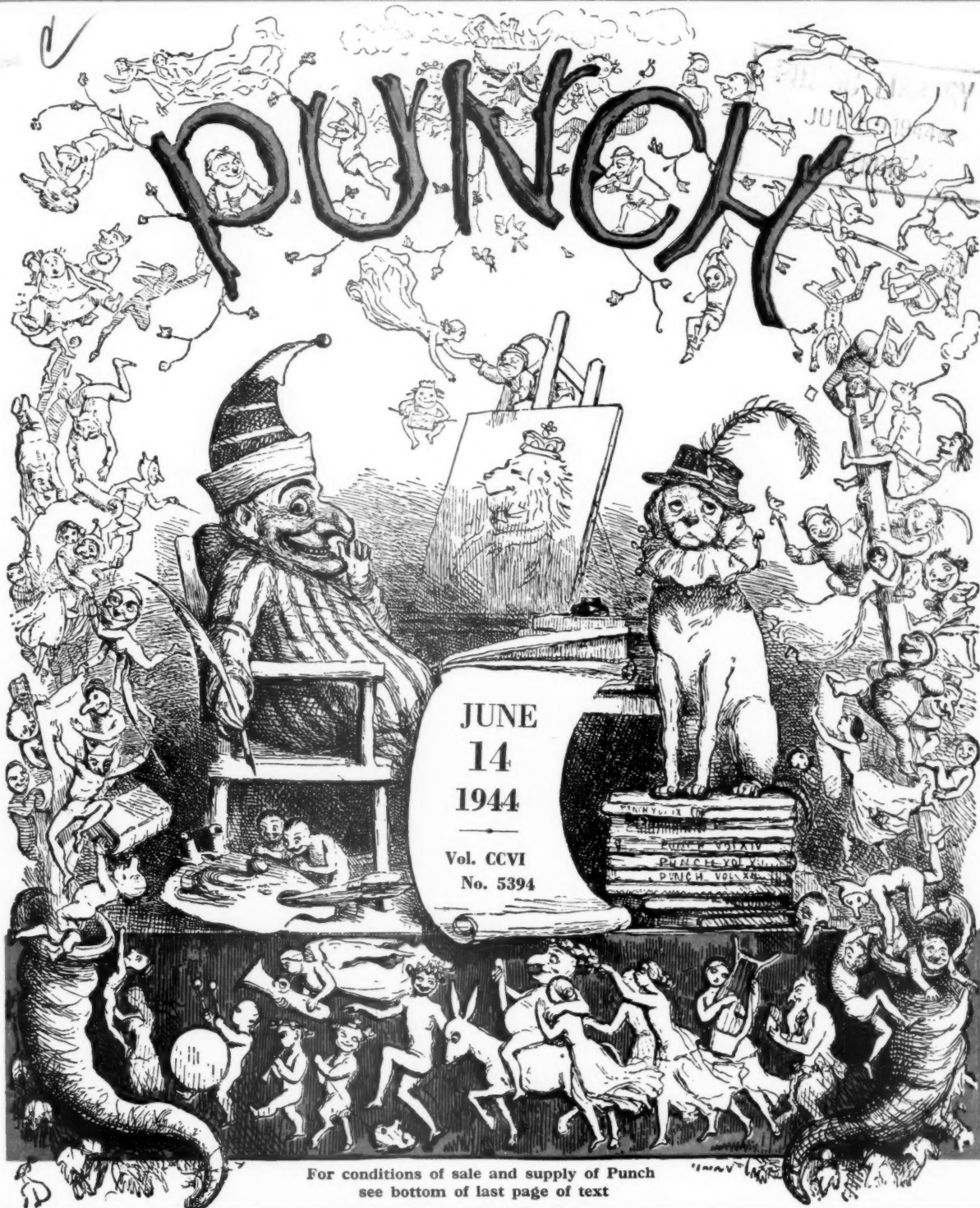


The best that  
money can buy...  
or points procure

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For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



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**D**ELIGHTFULLY cool, creamy and refreshing . . . yet exceptionally sustaining and invigorating . . . 'Ovaltine' mixed Cold is an ideal summer drink for everyone.

By preparing it as a cold drink you lose none of the important nutritive elements which have made 'Ovaltine' so widely popular as a health-giving food beverage.

Scientifically prepared from Nature's best foods 'Ovaltine' provides nourishment to body, brain and nerves and helps to build up reserves of strength and energy. For this reason a glass of Cold 'Ovaltine' will do much to make light summer meals more nourishing and revitalising.

Cold 'Ovaltine' is easily prepared by adding 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mixing thoroughly with an egg whisk, or in a shaker.

**Ovaltine** MIXED **Cold**

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/4, 2/4 and 4/- per tin.

P613A



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ONE..TWO..THREE..

*and it's off!*



Quick release is another feature of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT). First, a pull on the jacket zip; second, a pull on the leg zips; third, rip it off! Everything has been provided for in this ace of operational flying suits; comfort, freedom of movement, ventilation, flotability, electric heating, ample pocket room . . .



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Cool, fragrant and slow-burning, it  
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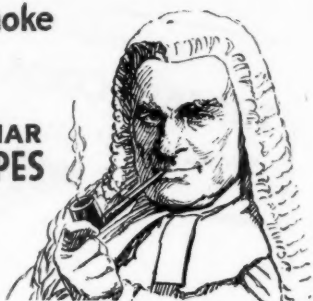
All shrewd Judges smoke

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The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds  
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as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining  
a genuine Orlik London Made pipe,  
please write to us for address of the  
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Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES  
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure  
light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out.  
Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



*It's lonely without  
company.. but it  
won't be long now*

# JACOB'S CREAM CRACKERS

★ As long as the boys and girls  
on active service need so many  
biscuits—and after all they  
ought to come first—there  
cannot be enough for the rest  
of us until the war is over.

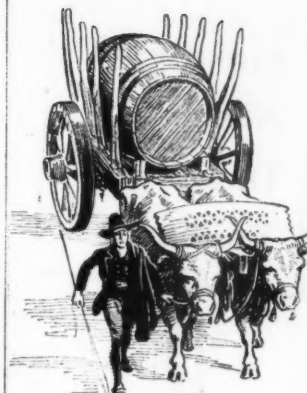
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Crittall Canteen  
Equipment pro-  
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and reliability  
are outstanding  
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For many years Celesta  
Sherry has pleased the  
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wine with a worthy past  
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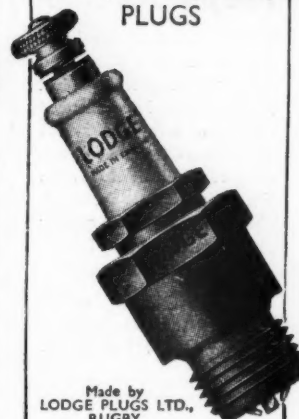
Fifteen and Six per bottle

CHAPLINS  ESTD. 1867

## NEW ATLANTIC RECORD

The Rolls-Royce Merlin  
engines of the two  
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which recently flew from  
America to Britain in  
5 hours 40 minutes were  
fitted with

## LODGE PLUGS



Made by  
LODGE PLUGS LTD.,  
RUGBY



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Our Sherry  
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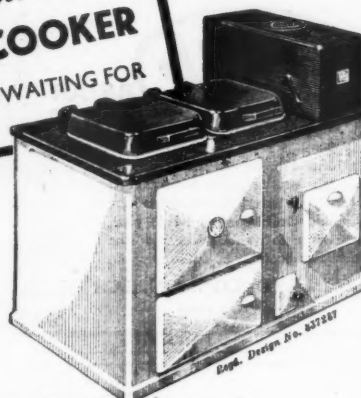
FINDLATER'S FINO, well-known to Sherry drinkers all over the World, will in future be known as

FINDLATER'S DRY FLY SHERRY

The reason: Findlater's FINO cannot be registered and protected from imitations under that name. FINDLATER'S DRY FLY is now registered throughout the World.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.  
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**THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD**

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For over half a century  
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have maintained their  
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**Why does  
VOTRIX  
VERMOUTH  
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In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime price is not always an indication of value. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths.

*Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8/6 the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.*

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.



You are 'in pocket' in more than one sense when you wear a "GOR-RAY" Skirt with the new 'ZWOW' Pocket. The old, ugly pocket has gone. In its place you have an unbroken hip-line; and on the other side, an attractive, man-style pocket. There are no buttons or metal gadgets to cause hip bulge; and although the skirt fastens at the waistband, undergarments cannot possibly show through.

★ Good drapers and stores everywhere stock "GOR-RAY" Skirts in a variety of attractive styles.

**All the better for the 'Zwov' Pocket**

Issued by:  
C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa Scientific

**'Ware rats  
(cornered)!**

As our offensive intensifies, any desperate measures by the enemy are possible. There is always the danger of sudden onslaught from the air—any time, anywhere. So keep prepared against fire, particularly during the next few months.

**What do I do . . . ?**

I keep my loft or attics clear of everything except fire-fighting gear (remembering that any paper or cardboard turned out is wanted for salvage).

If my house is left unoccupied for some time I leave inner doors unlocked, curtains drawn back and turn off the gas and electricity at the mains. I tell the Street Fire Party Leader where he can get the key of the house.

I always make absolutely sure that my stirrup pump, if I have one, is in working order, and I keep it handy with buckets or tins full of water.

Issued by the Ministry of Information  
Space presented to the Nation by  
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**Keeping  
the lavatory  
clean**



It's easy to keep the lavatory clean with Harpic. Thorough and effective in its action, Harpic removes discoloration, disinfects, and deodorizes. It reaches right into the S-bend, which should be kept sanitary.

**HARPIC**  
**FOR THE LAVATORY**



June 14 1944



4 OUT OF 5?  
**Not Me!**

*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans Astringent. See your dentist regularly.

Forhans  
cleans teeth  
and makes  
them  
sparkle



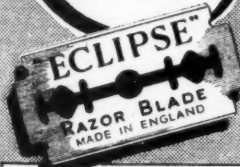
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TEETH WITH IT"...**

ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

**HEADACHE**

BANISH IT WITH  
**Cephos**  
See first THE  
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**Wartime  
shaving at  
its best**



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PUNCH or The London Charivari

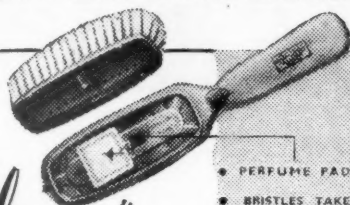
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**KENT-  
COSBY**

*"Allure"*  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH  
*It's Worth Waiting for!*

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- BRISTLES TAKE  
OUT TO WASH
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NEVER SPOILT  
BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE  
CLEANLINESS AT  
BRISTLE ROOTS



### WHAT THEY SAY OF THE Y.M.C.A.

Extract from a father's letter:

*"Our lad is in the Navy, and whenever in port never fails to visit one of your Centres, of which he speaks in glowing terms. We can never express sufficiently our gratitude to your organisation for all you do for these lads away from home in strange parts."*

### ISN'T IT WORTH A DONATION

from you to know that in "strange parts," among strange ways the Y.M.C.A. offers these boys friendship, guidance and a firm anchorage to the way of life they knew at home? Will you send that donation now? There is so much more to be done as the fury of War advances.

THE NATIONAL **Y.M.C.A.** WAR SERVICE FUND  
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

1.33

To the Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Newton-Smith),  
Acting President: The National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, The Mansion House,  
London, E.C.4. Please mark your envelope "Y.M.C.A." or to 10 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12.

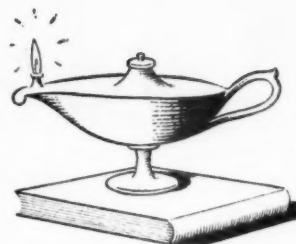
I am glad to contribute £ to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund

Name.....

Address.....

**MEN** who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own. Try an ounce of Murray's and see what you've been missing! 2/8d. an ounce.

**MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE**  
MURRAY, SONS & COMPANY LTD., BELFAST



*"In the present  
state of medical  
knowledge..."*

The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely how the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work: it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen' today.

**'SANATOGEN'**

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—  
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

**TOO BAD HE DIDN'T  
GET A Halex TOOTHBRUSH**



**I DID!**  
**AND I'M TAKING JOLLY  
GOOD CARE OF IT!**

BRISTLE OR NYLON... **HALEX**  
MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH BRUSHES

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## Merino

Is the finest Virgin wool

*it has*

Exclusive inherent qualities

A natural twist which gives resiliency under strain

A delightful draping effect

Long-lasting wear

A delicious feel and service which artificial fibre does not provide

*therefore*

**WEAR JAEGER**

**T**hough long the months  
I have to work  
And short the weeks  
when I may play,  
In Sandals with  
a hinged wood sole,  
My feet are on a holiday.



CLARKS of STREET have retailers in nearly every town.  
Please choose from the styles you find available.



For Extra Smartness  
the shoes of more  
& more men & women  
in the Services are  
being polished with



**SUPREME  
for QUALITY**

In Black, Brown and  
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# NUGGET BOOT POLISH

USE SPARINGLY - THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

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# PUNCH

or

The London Charivari



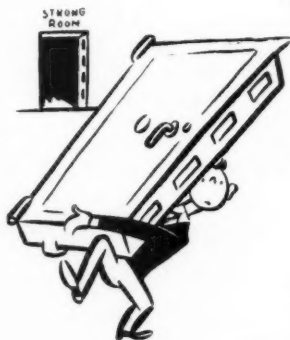
Vol. CCVI No. 5394

June 14 1944

## Charivaria

SUCCESSFUL invasion-date punters will be glad they did not let their three-year-old fancies leave their last-minute inspirations at the post.

"Ringside seats" for the invasion have been arranged for German war reporters. During their holiday Dr. Goebbels will write their stuff.



A writer says Japan is an insoluble enigma. That's why hara-kiri was invented.

New potatoes are appearing in the shops. Values, however, are not expected to rise to second-hand levels.

A boy has been fined for stealing a door. It was not thought advisable to put him under lock and key.

### Over-Enthusiasm

"IN ONE BLOW: An anonymous subscriber invested £50,000 on opening day of Kirkcudbright 'Salute' Week. The town's target was £35,000."—*Daily paper*.

Now that first invasion moves have been made, neutral opportunists are expected to take the final step that will leave no doubt as to their past intentions.

Oranges are cheaper. An official statement denies that they will be dearer when there are any.

Dr. Goebbels wishes it to be known that any dissimilarity between German prediction tactics and Allied surprises is purely incidental.

"Hitler's personal following has dwindled," says a commentator. More likely it has outdistanced him.



BB

In view of Mr. Cordell Hull's sinister move towards a settled world, a rival entente is being formed by Eire, Finland and Bolivia.

### Triangling the Circle

"Kesselring's troops, still clinging to strong-points in the Hitler Line fortress of Piedimonte, are now encircled from three sides, and are being forced out."—*Evening paper*.

The Press is protesting against weather forecast restrictions. It feels the public should have the benefit of whatever uncertainty there is.

A locomotive-driver says there are always people who wave to him. Latterly he has had the impression that they are disappointed passengers attempting to hitch-hike.



High-spot of German invasion reports is Dr. Goebbels's tribute to the thoroughness of the German-controlled network of guessed-at dates.

A geologist is of the opinion that Britain is slowly tilting towards the south. No doubt the situation will be restored somewhat when all the invasion armies have gone over.

New military tactics which the Germans have been saving up for a three-front war include, it is believed, an East-West shuttle service of generals.

An American novelist confesses that his great ambition is to come to England, go into a country inn, and drink a pint of good English beer. Thousands of Englishmen cherish the same fanciful ambition.



## D Day in Our Suburb

**D** DAY passed off fairly quietly in our suburb. But there was a lot of talk.

Saltby said: "This thing has taken me by surprise. All the indications were that the 8th would be the day." Asked "What indications?" he opened his mouth pretty wide, said "Well—" and closed it again very tightly, with the air of a man who but for over-riding considerations of national security could have made some remarkably interesting disclosures.

This impressed nobody, since everyone knows, Mrs. Saltby being a great talker with few reticences, that Saltby decides almost every point of importance by a process of counting on his way home from the station in the evenings. Thus he may tell himself that if he sees a black cat before he has counted up to two hundred, Invasion Day will be before the middle of June, or he may decide that if he has counted up to two hundred black cats before he gets home he will refrain from putting his tomatoes out for another week; this according to Mrs. Saltby, who adds, regrettably, "the great baby." We do not altogether despise Saltby for this habit, being perhaps not above a little counting ourselves, but we take his wisdom after the event for what it is worth.

Meadows said, on the morning of June 6th, "This isn't the real thing of course. Merely a feint," and he has been saying it ever since. A knowledge of Meadows tells us that he will go on saying it, if necessary, right up to the gates of Berlin. He says he knows where the real blow is coming and is even prepared to lay his finger on the map and say "There!"—provided Earle isn't about of course. Earle, according to Meadows, is a talker and not to be trusted to keep anything to himself for half an hour. "Remember that exercise?" Meadows says, and that is the end of Earle as far as he is concerned.

This is rather bad luck on Earle, whose only offence was to say to a member of the opposing platoon, on the morning

of a Home Guard exercise, that whatever happened he proposed to finish up at the "Three Horses." This, since that famous inn was in fact our objective, was said to have given away the direction of our attack. If so, as Earle pointed out, he ought to have been praised for misleading the enemy, since on account of the darkness and a certain inexperience in those days, our attack actually took quite a different direction and ended with the capture unopposed of old Lady Throttle's greenhouses.

At a later stage in the war it may be possible to tell the full story of that night's work. For the moment it must be enough to say that the problem of fighting in greenhouses is not adequately covered in the text-books. A man who runs into a nest of potted geraniums in the dark may easily find himself in serious difficulties.

However, we were talking about D Day.

A man with the unusual name of Haybottle observed last night in the "Three Horses" that it was all rot this talk of dropping 60-ton tanks behind the German lines by parachute. As nobody had suggested such a thing we let this go, but when Haybottle said darkly that as a matter of fact they were doing much more remarkable things than that, we were constrained to ask him "What things?" He said "Ah!" and explained that he had a brother in a minesweeper who knew all about it but was closer than an oyster. "In that case," we said, "how do you know about these remarkable things we are doing?"

"I don't," he said.

"Then how do you know we are doing any remarkable things?" asked Saltby.

"Well, aren't we?" said Haybottle.

Everyone had to agree that we were, but there was a general feeling that we had in some way been tricked out of this argument. Before long Saltby was at him again.

"This cousin of yours on the minelayer—" he began.

"Brother in a minesweeper," said Haybottle.

"Never mind that," said Saltby, annoyed. "I suppose he was over there on D Day, was he?"

"Right in the thick of it."

"Seen him since?"

"Hardly likely, is it," said Haybottle loftily, "that he'd have time to drop in here for a bitter in the intervals of sweeping? Some of you chaps seem to have extraordinary ideas about the Navy."

"In that case," said Saltby, jumping in for the kill, "how do you know he was there on D Day?"

"I saw him," said Haybottle.

"You saw him!" cried Meadows. "What on earth were you doing there?"

"Don't tell me we sent in a troop of Shock Solicitors with the first wave," said Saltby.

"Tell us all about it," said Earle eagerly.

"Not allowed to," said Haybottle, draining his glass and, it being his turn to pay, walking swiftly from the bar.

"Well," said Saltby slowly, "what do you know about that?"

None of us, as usual, knew anything, but we managed to talk about it for three quarters of an hour.

"Anyway, it'll be in all the papers to-morrow," said Meadows finally.

"What makes you think that?" we asked.

"Ask Earle," said Meadows.

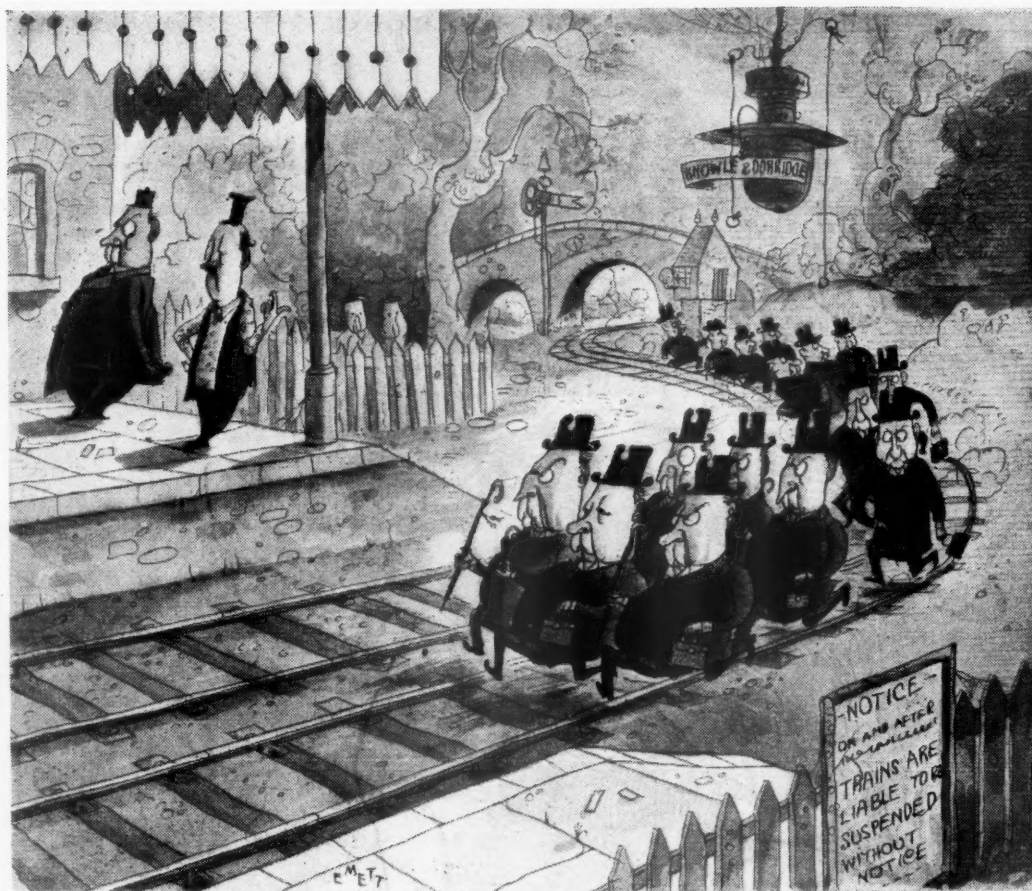
H. F. E.



"Didn't I tell you it would start on the sixth?"



FREEDOM'S TASK



"'Ere's the 9.15. I see they've took it off."

### *Alfred, Lord Tennyson is faced with a Difficult Question.*

XXXI

NOW here, now elsewhere, I range  
On doubtful feet the echoing floor,

Where from the dim unshutter'd door  
I hear the silver ring of change;

And in my heart I question why,  
And fondly ask, "If this be so,  
If, caring nothing, others go  
Their destin'd journey, why not I?"

But, yearning for the stranger's land,  
Where once of old we twain would rove,

I pause, and through the shadows move  
The fingers of a mystic hand

That writes in flaming words of fire  
A fateful question on the wall,  
And, rooted to the dusty hall,  
I quell the lust of strong desire.

Above my head the voice is clear:  
"Too long delay'd thy train is due";  
And truly false, yet falsely true,  
I turn and, hearing, will not hear.

XXXII

Unquiet Truth, that round the Pole  
Guides every bright and wheeling star,

Upholds me in the equal war  
Of rebel flesh and fighting soul.

I feel it, in the drear recess  
And homeward beating of my way,

I hold it true—to answer Nay  
Were better than to answer Yes;

Or palter with the truth, and take  
The tardy and infrequent train  
Where billows of the northern main  
In crisped lines of silver break

Unwatch'd along the sandy shore,  
And dusky veils of evening fold  
In tender sleep the windy wold  
That once we trod, but tread no more;

No more, till all the thunders cease  
Upon the ramparts of the world,  
And tower to tower the flags unfurl'd  
Wave in the twenty years of peace.



## A Naval Review

WE welcome this little book\* and we are bound to congratulate its authors. It is by no means the first example of their Lordships' work to come our way; and probably it will not be the last. If the present improvement is maintained we shall look forward with pleasure to further volumes from the same pen.

Their Lordships seem to have come to a conclusion long muttered on the Lower Deck that their last effort in this field, *The Manual of Seamanship* (2 vols.), was very far from satisfactory. That owed very much to Admiral Sir George Nares' great work, large chunks of which are incorporated in the Manual: the Admiral's book (1897) was composed in the "Quiz" style beloved of our best modern newspapers; and we wish that more of it had been preserved.

"Where is the spirit room?"

"Abaft the main hold."

"What is stowed there?"

"Rum, Medical Comforts, Sacramental Wine, and Varnish."

A noble list. Observe the order. This should have been preserved.

The Manual is very poorly constructed and seems to have been put together by a number of right hands not knowing what their lefts were doing. The handling of screw-driven vessels—the effect of right-handed propellers, etc.—is discussed in three different places, pages 286–288 in Volume One and 137–144 and 212–216 in Volume Two. By the time the young student has read all three he does not know if he is going ahead or astern. The management of oared boats is discussed in Volume One and of Sailing and Motor Boats in Volume Two. "Man Overboard" is dealt with in both.

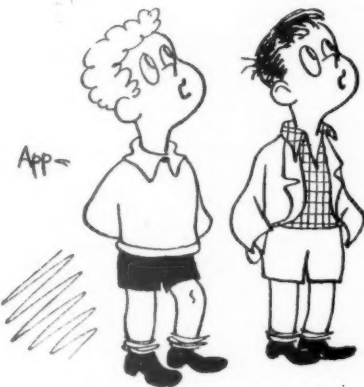
There are too some important omissions. One of the things that drives the young sailor (or soldier) crazy is the magnetic "variation of the compass," how to convert a true bearing into a compass course, to plot a magnetic bearing on a chart, and so on—not to mention "deviation." That variation and deviation exist is tersely admitted on page 155 of the Manual: but not the smallest hint is given on how to apply and defy them. Yachtsmen's books and fishermen's books give clear and plentiful instruction

on these mysteries; but the Admiralty *Manual of Seamanship*, the book, the only book, which is thrust into the new entry's hands, says nothing about them. Yet they are part of the Professional Examinations of Able Seamen for Leading Seamen and of Leading Seamen for Petty Officers; and at this moment there are we know not how many Petty Officers and Leading Seamen steering small craft who must somehow pick up this information if they are not to come to grief. They will not pick it up from this book—or indeed from the work now under review. We know, of course, the official but unconvincing answer—that these matters, belonging to "navigation" rather than "seamanship," are expounded in the *Manual of Navigation*—three volumes. But, unfortunately, the young seaman, even if aspiring to promotion, does not see that admirable but expensive work. And if their Lordships must be so logical as all that, then the twenty-two pages devoted to the "Rule of the Road" are out of place in the *Manual of Seamanship*.

Further, there is upon this point a passage which we will charitably describe as misleading:

"Fixing Position of Ship on Chart."

When within sight of land the position of a ship is obtained by taking bearings by compass of two or more prominent objects marked on the chart. These bearings are then drawn on the chart in pencil. The point where the two lines cut is the position of the ship."



"Yes, that one is still on the secret list."

"These bearings . . ."—that is, the compass bearings. Now, if the young coxswain, knowing no more, follows these words literally, as well he may, he will find himself high and dry on the sands when he had good reason to suppose that he was safely anchored elsewhere. This passage is repeated, word for word, in the *Pocket-Book*. We suggest that in future editions of both works there should be added after "These bearings"—"(corrected, of course, for variation and deviation, as explained on page —)."

Generally, the *Pocket-Book* is clear and lively, and done with imagination. The flags, for example, fluttering on halyards are a great improvement on the four flat formidable pages in the Manual. (There is a slight error on Plate Two—the cross in "I" should be yellow, not white.)

By the way, the next time that naval pay comes up we hope that their Lordships will take into consideration the question of flags. We hope, too, that they will explain exactly what they thought they were up to when they devised the Naval Code. In the International Code there are forty flags and pennants. In the Naval Code there are eighty-six. The young sailor should be able to recognize one hundred and twenty-six flags and pennants—at least, if he aspires to advancement. But that is not the worst. Of the forty International Code flags and pennants the Naval Code uses thirty-nine—with different meanings; as anyone can see by purchasing this little work. The International Y is the A flag, Naval; International Z is Naval C. Pennant 1 (Navy) is the same as 3 (International); 7 is 9, 0 is 5, 4 is 6. E (International) is "Submarine Flag" in the Navy, G is the Aircraft Carrier Flag; and so on. We know of a first-class honours (Oxford) man who is able to keep these coloured conundrums clear in his head only by constant refresher courses. It is no wonder that even simpler sailors sometimes confess themselves baffled. And those who do master such mysteries should surely be remunerated not as rude mariners but as intellectual wizards.

We wish this little work and its distinguished authors good fortune.

A. P. H.

### A Policeman's Lot

"Altogether about five feet of the police was eaten away."—Evening paper.

\*A SEAMAN'S POCKET-BOOK (B.R. 827). Supplied for the Public Service by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. (Price 1s. 3d. net.)



"I think you're mistaken, dear. Before it could taste of paraffin we should have to have a permit."

## Lady Addle's Domestic Front

Bengers, Herts, 1944

**M**Y DEAR, DEAR READERS, —Where would England be, I often think, without her savouries? Angels on Horseback, Scotch Woodcock, Cheese Straws. As typical of English simplicity and charm as wild roses or boiled cabbage. People talk about the Eton wall game being won on the platforms of Waterloo, but it is equally true that the great English houses were kept up in the past by the aid of low taxation and a constant supply of Welsh rarebit in the servants' hall.

Of course that particular dish was quite taboo in the upper classes then. I well remember as a child choosing it for a birthday lunch (attracted by its name perhaps, for I could certainly never have tasted it), and being told by Nannie to select something more suitable for a little lady. Nevertheless, a great-uncle of mine, Lord Algernon Twynge, had a peculiar penchant for Welsh rarebit, and every evening, after his wife had retired, he slipped through the baize door to the servants' quarters, apparently, and indulged in his secret vice in the housekeeper's room with the cook and the butler. His low tastes eventually led him to disaster, however, for after his wife's death he married the cook, and the pair thereafter indulged together far into the night, sometimes consuming as many as eight or nine Welsh rarebits on end, I believe.

How times have changed since then! Class prejudices have largely vanished,

which I think myself is a good thing, at any rate with regard to Welsh rarebits. And before we leave the subject I would like to tell my readers of a little fancy of mine which they may care to copy. If your melted cheese turns out very stringy, as it often does, don't grumble, but make a virtue of its stringiness by winding it round potato balls, sticking two knitting-needles in each ball, and quickly altering the menu to "Cheese Worsted Balls." It makes a gay interlude in the meal.

Gaiety, I think, is so important in life, even in the kitchen. I always make a point of singing while I am preparing a dish, especially with something rather tedious like cake-making, or grating cheese. Which latter, by the way, caused us all to have a good laugh the other day.

I was cooking a macaroni *au gratin*, and being in an economical mood was having a good clear-up of all the ends of cheese I could find, and grating little bits till my fingers ached. So to cheer myself on I sang right through "Green Grow the Rushes-O" and "One Man Went to Mow"—two old favourites of mine—so that I quite forgot my tiresome occupation, and by the time I reached the last verse there was a lovely big pile of cheese!

We were very gay at dinner that night (when Addle is out I always have it with my evacuees), and I was amusing them with various recollections of monarchs, and some of the funny things that happened at court

balls, when suddenly I noticed that they had all stopped eating and that I was the only one partaking of the macaroni cheese. "Now, my dear good people, you mustn't get so interested that you don't eat," I started to say, but to my horror, as I spoke the words, I discovered myself to be foaming at the mouth! Little Marlene Ruddock cried out "She's mad! Mum, Lady Addle's mad!" and ran screaming from the room. It was only then that we realized—though my evacuees said they had suspected it earlier from the taste—that I had grated up some remnants of household soap with my cheese!

All that is needed for a good savoury, I have often said, is a little toast and a lot of imagination—or sometimes a lot of imagination and a lot of toast, as in the case of one of my specialities which I call *Toast sur toast* (it sounds so much more attractive in French), which is a useful dish for breakfast left-overs, being simply layers of toast spread with different things in turn, one layer fish-paste, one cheese, one chutney or pickle, etc. Get as many flavours as you can and then make your guests try to guess them, and it becomes a good parlour-game as well as a course.

Another handy savoury is stuffed buns or scones, when you have any stale ones to use up. Cut your bun in half and scoop out the inside. Next do likewise with a beetroot or large carrot, leaving only an empty shell. Now chop up your vegetable, season it, and stuff your bun, popping it into a quick oven for ten minutes or so. The great thing about this savoury is that you can then use the middle of the bun or scone for stuffing the beet or carrot. Call one dish *Petit pains farcis* and the other *Betterave au petit pain*, and keep up a reputation for variety.

These two little examples show how one's individuality can and should be stamped on one's home, even in cookery. And I cannot resist telling the compliment I was paid not long ago by a distinguished Frenchman whom we put up for the night. It was my evening for cooking, and I took special pains with the dinner, giving him four courses of my most varied dishes. He was evidently impressed, because he asked later in the evening, who cooked for me. Smiling, I answered "All my own work, monsieur, as the pavement artist states." He bowed, also smiling. "Ah, madame, but unlike the pavement artist, the impressions of your cooking linger on," he said courteously.

I shall always treasure that remark, coming as it did from one of a nation of *bon viveurs*.  
M. D.

## News

From Lieut. Conkleshill to Mrs.  
Conkleshill

EGYPT,  
May Day, 1944

DEAR EDITH,—I was so delighted to get your nice newsy letter about the extra eggs that you nearly obtained from the man with jaundice and the account of your three-hour wait at Cheltenham. At least you say it was Cheltenham, but you were always a little weak on place-names and it seems an odd spot to change trains on a journey from Cambridge to York.

By the same post came a copy of *The Times* announcing the fall of Odessa, of which I had not previously seen an account, although I had a shrewd suspicion, from subsequent scraps of news, that it could no longer be in German hands.

Our newspapers out here are the *Egyptian Mail* and the *Egyptian Gazette*, which are both printed in English, and other papers printed in French or Arabic which you get sold by fleet-footed youths in Cairo. There are few more maddening experiences than lying blissfully in your first full-length bath for months at a Cairo hotel, and then opening your newspaper and finding that it is printed entirely in pothooks and dots.

However, the *Mail* and the *Gazette* are quite good newspapers—when you can get them. The theory is that nine copies are delivered to our depot every day. They are on sale in Cairo at 0800 hrs. (breakfast-time in Basic English) and after a long and arduous journey they arrive at our regimental office at about 1600 hrs. (tea-time in Basic English) if they arrive at all. And if they arrive the sergeants' mess gets the first four and the attached officers the next two, so that if only six come the ordinary officers' mess is unlucky. If the proper three arrive at the officers' mess the Education Officer immediately seizes one and cuts out all the headlines and rushes down to the Men's Amenities Hall and sticks them on the Headline News-board.

The second copy is secured by Sergeant Bell, the mess caterer, who carries it off to a remote fastness and ignores everybody until he has gutted it. If G.H.Q. ring up while he is still reading "Exile's" Sports page they are unlucky. One cannot blame him for this, because G.H.Q., though useful, tends to be dull, and "Exile" is never

dull. "Exile" writes of sport in a way that can feebly be described as inspired. Who he is or what he is nobody knows, but he writes with equal assurance of old days at Lord's, at St. Andrew's, at Wembley Stadium, and at West Ham Speedway Track. He can conjure up Woolley's late cut or Dempsey's left hook or Bobbie Jones' long putt. Even mysterious games like baseball he has attended undaunted.

However, few of us ever see the *Egyptian Mail* until it is days old, because the third copy is usually scooped up by Captain Bales, the P.M.C., who is a very slow reader and

generally ends by taking it to bed with him.

But what, you ask, of the wireless? Officers in the Middle East are in effect barred from listening to the wireless. The men's mess gets a "Welfare" set, but the officers must buy their own, which they do not do for two reasons: (a) none are obtainable, (b) if they are, they cost £40, and as we can only pay our mess bills by borrowing from one another as it is, we can't manage a sum like that.

However, for a consideration it is sometimes possible to persuade our batmen to tell us the news.

Your loving husband, LIONEL.







"I'll buy the saw."

## Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

V

AMOS was not above that well-known trick of the acknowledged conversationalist, arranging beforehand for a spectacular impromptu. Recently, after some hard work in private, he fixed things so that a member of the company should read out of the paper a line from a cinema advertisement—"It's For Whom the Bell Tolls, not For Whom the Bells Toll."

Amos at once assumed an expression of animation and recited:

"It's For Whom the Bell Tolls, not For Whom the Bells Toll;

Redistribute your sibilants, pal, and you've hit it;

But alas! for the bright unattainable goal—

They'll never get most of the fans to admit it."

He then sat back in his seat wearing, as of right, what Meredith calls "the paternal smile of a man that has begotten hilarity." But the man who had provided his cue (he told us all this afterwards) had also decided to do some private work of his own, and he followed on with:

"Of the cup (meaning tea) to which Cowper referred

The fact that it *cheers* has been frequently noted;

The cups, though, that *cheer* is his crack word for word,

And I'll thank you to say so next time it's misquoted."

After this the session degenerated into an undignified scramble, most of the other people present trying to fit their favourite misquotations into this really most unaccommodating metre. Amos (I am sorry to say) sulked.

"No," Amos once said, "I never wrote a novel, a whole novel. But I have written innumerable beginnings, all of which exemplify my principle that the thing to do above all else, from the very first, is to keep the reader guessing

even while, to keep him soothed, you write in nothing but clichés. Guessing but soothed—that is the state of mind of the reader who pays returns." Pressed to quote one of his beginnings, he declaimed, with gestures: "I am so tired, so desperately tired," she said vivaciously."

Accused once of having no conscience, he was most indignant. "I have a terrifying conscience," he declared. "I live in a permanent cloud of guilt because I am always avoiding novels that *deserve to be read*, and whenever I switch on the radio in the last minute of a band programme and hear the conductor say 'Good-bye and good luck' I worry for a long time about whether, since I heard only a fraction of the entertainment, I am entitled to more than a fraction of any good fortune the leader's wish may bring me. "If I listen to the whole programme, of course," he went on, "it's often all square. I need the good luck after that."

"Fatigue," Amos said, "often has the effect of blurring the impact on one's mind of certain words—even of reversing their meaning by substituting that of other words in, as it were, the same key. A whole day's news was recently made unintelligible to me because when I read the reports I was so tired as to assume that the adjective *scratch*, applied to troops, meant *crack*, and vice versa."

When a discussion of a public figure was tending to get rather too personal, one of those present cried with a generous fire: "I will tolerate no intrusion into his private life. His private life is a hallowed thing."

Amos looked at him thoughtfully and observed "Yes? shows how much *you* know."

"How d'you do, I've heard a lot about you," he would sometimes say when introduced to a newcomer—"though I can't remember any of it."

This would put everybody at his ease, Amos not least.

Aware that what he said about the productions of a woman writer of his acquaintance might be reported to her by the barmaid later, Amos took care to safeguard himself by expressing his opinion in a way the barmaid could neither see nor hear. He referred loudly to the department

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



"This exercise is rapidly degenerating into a farce, with all these franc-tireurs skulking around."

of literature that this woman writer had "made peculiarly her own," and at the word "peculiarly" he assumed a look indicating just how peculiar he thought the whole business was.

\* \* \* \* \*

Usually, though, Amos did not care what he said or how loud he said it about any writer—at least, any writer who could be considered a competitor of his own. If he wished to be secretive in the presence of strangers he would say that such-and-such a writer was "going into my anthology," but usually he would proudly and explosively bellow the title of the anthology, which was *Half-Hours with the Pest Authors*.

R. M.

## On the Black

OWING to a combination of unusual circumstances which will perhaps never be fully understood, even by historians, my overdraft at the bank has temporarily disappeared. For the last few hours, while living to outward appearance a normal life, I have been moving in a state of suppressed rapture through fairyland.

Such times occur, no doubt, in the lives of most of us; and when they come I think we are prone to wonder why the bank shows so little emotion on a matter of vital interest\* to itself. Not that we in these sophisticated days expect the display of flags and bunting our grandfathers would have demanded; the bank's customers are now so numerous that large-scale celebrations would soon be made stale by repetition. But I have often thought

\* 5%, I believe

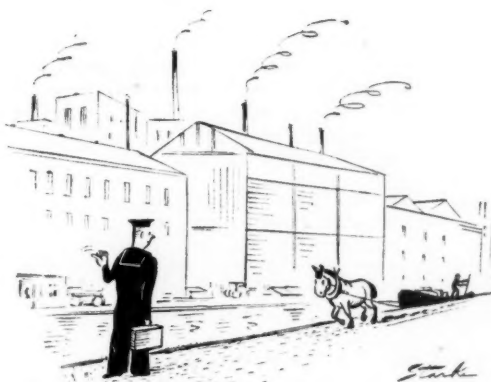
that when the happy creditor walks in to present his next cheque the entire staff might gather round and sing a short greeting in simple harmony; or if, as in my case, he lives so far away that he cannot visit the bank in person he might be sent a special statement of account on parchment, freely decorated and initialled by everyone from the manager to the junior clerk. Nothing like this happens; no official notice is taken, though of course word is passed round the building that X. Y. Z. (I ought perhaps to explain that these are assumed initials) is "on the black" this morning, and a few of the neighbouring branches are informed by telephone.

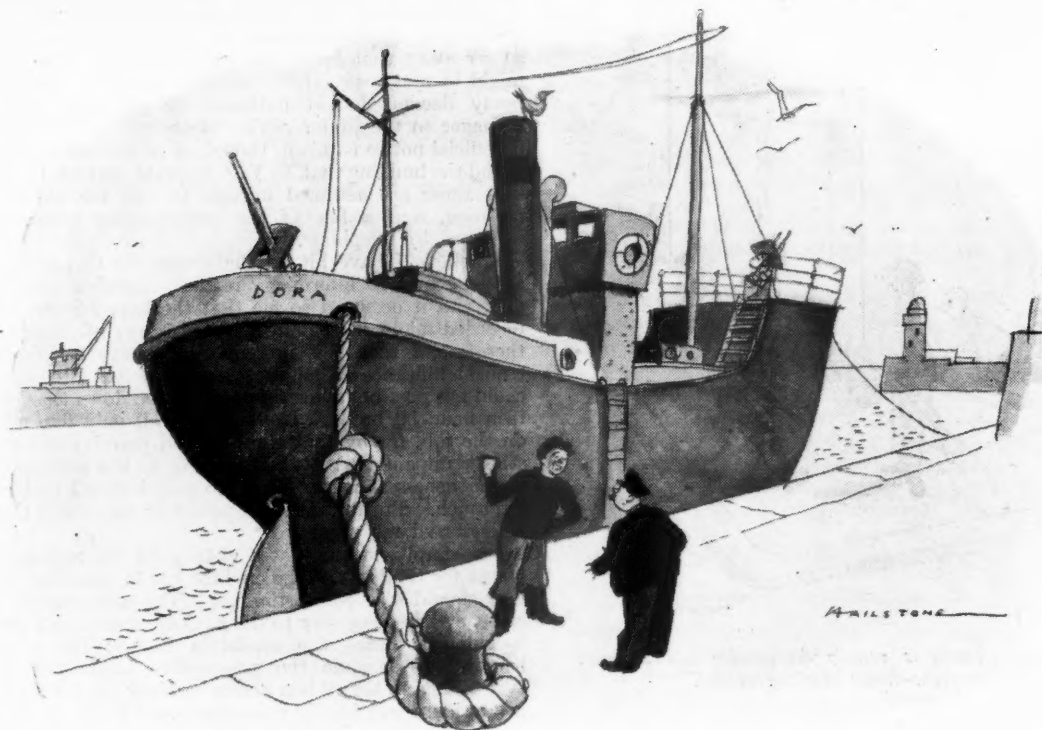
I believe I have hit on the reason for this neglect. I am—I regret to inform my readers—growing older every day, and it occurred to me that the happy event I have recorded might be seldom repeated in my lifetime; unless, therefore, I took this present opportunity to ponder its true significance it might go unpondered altogether. I could not possibly allow this, so I settled down this evening to a financial brood. I allowed myself only five minutes on the job, for by that time I could perceive one or two stiffish unpaid bills gradually rising to the surface of my consciousness and it was time to stop before I understood too much. But in that short period an important thought had crossed my mind.

Put simply, it was that a victory for the customer is a defeat for the bank. The creditor has become the debtor; why should it celebrate the fact? The calm confidence of solvency has given way to the anxiety of debt and nervous speculation about the uncertain future; the potential harrow has become the prospective toad. Surely the typist moving her ribbon across to black as she makes up my account can hardly announce a red-letter day?

All this must be admitted without question. But I have my answer ready—the answer any decent man must give. After all, the bank has trusted me for many years; can it seriously imagine, now the positions are reversed and it has fallen on evil days, that I shall act less generously? Never. As long as it stands I stand with it; be the colour black or—let us face the possibility—red again I shall remain loyal; and if the bank is broken I shall go broke as well.

I hope this declaration, made in good faith, will be noted by my manager, for I have just noticed something. It is only a single letter *s* near the head of the official statement, but it makes a lot of difference. That Mrs. X. Y. Z. is solvent I can readily believe; she always is. But as for Mr., when his turn comes—well, on current form his chances are not very bright.





"Last time the old man forgot to take 'is tin 'at."

## The Phoney Phleet

XLVII—H.M.S. "Crack"

WHEN war broke out, their lordships after dinner  
Pulled out a chart called "*Ssh! Our Naval Flak.*"

All areas were thin but none was thinner  
Than Bongo Bay, which showed a 10/10ths lack.  
With typical strategic flair  
They sent an A.A. cruiser there.

H.M.S. *Crack*, the vessel they selected,  
In three long years beheld no hostile plane  
And being thereby left in peace perfected,  
By exercising over and again,  
Her anti-aircraft gunnery  
To an incredible degree.

So expert were her gunners at their calling  
That aeroplanes as targets were ignored;  
They'd stalk the actual bomb as it was falling  
And bang it off before it came aboard.  
With equal certainty they'd shoot  
Air-borne torpedoes still en route.

The war progressed and Bongo Bay receded;  
Their lordships once more dined and scanned the chart;

Now it was Europe where the stuff was needed,  
Besides, their lordships also have a heart.  
They made a signal to the *Crack*—  
"Bazooka," code-word for "Come back."

Within a short six weeks of her arrival  
All air attacks on shipping had been stopped;  
No bomb had any prospect of survival,  
H.M.S. *Crack* destroyed it as it dropped.  
This knocked the German Air Force prone  
And made them leave our chaps alone.

But, give the Hitlerite his due, he's clever,  
And pretty soon was once more on his legs  
With special tiny bombs, the smallest ever,  
About the size of eggs (remember eggs?);  
Six thousand at a time. This meant  
That *Crack* missed twenty-one per cent.

Once more Great Britain's life-blood was arrested;  
Our shipping losses reached an all-time high  
Until at last some genius suggested  
That shooting at the plane was worth a try.  
In desperation this was done.  
And that is how the war was won.





BROUGHT TO BAY

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, June 6th.—House of Commons:**  
THE Day—D Day.

**Wednesday, June 7th.—House of Commons:**  
Location of Industry.

**Thursday, June 8th.—House of Commons:**  
Almost a Statement.

**Tuesday, June 6th.**—Was there a Member of the House of Commons who to-day did not have the mental "flash-back" beloved of the Hollywood producer?

Almost precisely four years ago, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, grim-faced but resolute, stood at the dispatch box in the old House of Commons—now, alas! itself a victim of the *Luftwaffe*—and proclaimed to an impressed if sceptical world that Britain would "fight on the beaches . . . in the streets . . . in the fields . . . but would NEVER give in."

At first light this morning parachutists swooped, landing barges crept inshore, warplanes filled the skies, warships poured a hail of shells into the shore batteries.

But they were *our* parachutists, *our* landing-barges, *our* warships, *our* shells. They were attacking and pounding *their* beaches. It was D Day.

Again the House of Commons was filled by excited Members, waiting to hear the Prime Minister speak. The Day for which the world had waited for many weary months had dawned, and Mr. CHURCHILL was to tell the first story, as he alone can tell a story.

He was not there. Questions were ploughed through. Nobody wanted to listen to them, but fair-play is fair-play, free speech is free speech, and so the entire House sat (more or less) silent, its eyes on the door, its ears unheeding, its thoughts . . . far away from the shores of France, with the dauntless men of the Allied forces.

At length, even the ingenuity of supplementary question-askers failed, and (in spite of a spirited last-question stand by Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, of the Ministry of Food) question-time was over. There was a pause. Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, Leader of the House, looked inquiringly at the door. Mr. CLEM ATTLEE, the Deputy Prime Minister, leaned forward—and looked at the door. Brigadier HARVIE WATT, the Prime Minister's tireless Parliamentary Private Secretary, not only looked at,

but made for the door. The Government Chief Whip, Mr. JAMES STUART, stepped swiftly up to the SPEAKER'S Chair, conferred in a whisper with Mr. Speaker.

"There must," Mr. Speaker announced, "be a short interval before the Prime Minister arrives."

It was as though he had switched on a particularly loud loud-speaker, for the entire House began to talk excitedly at once. Mr. EDEN sprinted across the floor and sat on the steps by the side of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had had to make so many historic pronouncements when he led the nation in that other war which now seems so long ago.

Suddenly the door swung open and into the Chamber walked a familiar

House's collective leg, Mr. CHURCHILL turned very slowly to his third typed sheet, and the silence that had seemed complete became more intense.

"I have to announce to the House," said he quietly, "that during the night the first of a series of landings in force upon the European Continent has taken place."

The House roared a breathless cheer, cut it short, strained for the next words.

So the House of Commons heard the news of what may perhaps be the greatest, the most significant event it has ever known.

"Thus far the commanders who are engaged report that everything is proceeding according to plan—and *what a plan!*" said Mr. CHURCHILL, and this time the House stopped him dead with a full-throated roar of cheers.

Waiting for silence, Mr. CHURCHILL remarked in almost matter-of-fact tones that nothing that equipment, science or forethought could do had been neglected, that the ardour and spirit of the troops was splendid to witness.

Again the cheers crashed.

Eons ago—on September 2 1939, to be precise—Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, then leading the Opposition, was exhorted by parts of an excited and slightly hysterical House to "speak for England." To-day, if never before, he did so. In a low voice he said:

"There is nothing that we can do except perhaps to pledge our physical and spiritual resources to the unstinted aid of the men and women who are

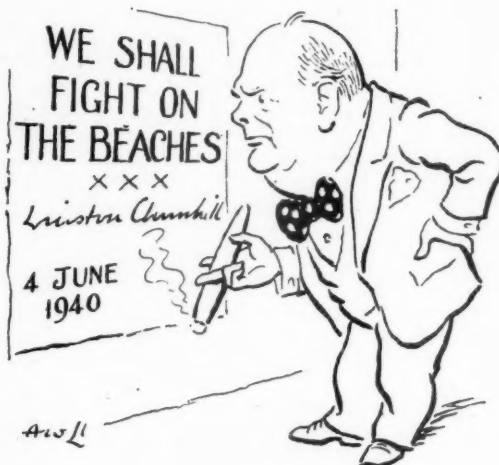
serving overseas, and to let them know the pride that we shall feel in their victories, the sadness we shall feel about their losses. Will the Prime Minister report frequently to Parliament, so that we may, on the one hand, share such tribulations as may come and, on the other hand, take joy in achievement?"

A moment Mr. CHURCHILL sat still. The House was silent, moved beyond measure. Then there was a great husky cheer, in tribute to as simply and finely-expressed a sentiment as any ever heard in the House. Mr. CHURCHILL promised, then hurried off.

The House talked about the Colonies, but its heart was not in the discussion.

At the end of the day, the benches filled up again, and into the Chamber, with confident, springy step, came Mr. CHURCHILL once more.

All was going well, said he, and our



TIME'S REVENGE

figure, three typewritten sheets in his hands. There was a second of dead silence as everybody who could look at the expressive face of the Prime Minister. From his expression much can be gleaned by the knowing. What they saw aroused a roar almost of triumph—a roar that spread speedily round the Chamber.

Skilfully stepping over the feet of his Ministers, Mr. CHURCHILL arrived at the dispatch box, leaned on it, and—began an account of the long campaign that had led only forty-eight hours earlier to the capture of Rome from the Germans—"a glorious event," he called it. Was there to be nothing of D Day, of the great events by the side of which even the liberation of Rome paled?

With the little smile that creeps unbidden to his lips when he is indulging in a gentle pull of the



"Don't be unreasonable, Martha—how was I to know they'd begin a war to-day?"

losses were much less—"very much less," he repeated with heavy emphasis—than had been expected. Obstacles that had been expected to be formidable were now "behind us." And all continued to go well.

Wednesday, June 7th.—It was Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, with his gift for the right phrase, who to-day provided the epilogue to yesterday's thrilling news. Answering a question, Mr. EDEN spoke of "The forthcoming victory of the United Nations."

It was so uncompromising, so unquestioned, so flat, that it roused a great cheer. As if relieved from the intolerable strain of suspense waiting for D Day had involved, the House was in almost jovial mood to-day.

Lest history forget (or perchance even overlook) them, your scribe records with respectful pen these pearls of the political thinker's art casually cast this day before . . . before fellow-legislators:

"Very few people now travel for fun."—Mr. NOEL-BAKER, Ministry of War Transport.

"Will the Government consider reducing the turnip content in our jam?"—Colonel GREENWELL.

"May we have more prunes?"—Captain PLUGGE.

"In the spring a lady's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of hats."—Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY.

"Is it in order to describe the records of Members of this House as 'muck-raking'?"—Mr. SILVERMAN.

Perhaps the last verbal jewel may be amplified—or polished. It arose (as they say in supplementary questions) out of a comment made by Mr. BEVERLEY BAXTER—who seemed to be annoyed about something—on a recent book called *Your M.P.*, which "made remarks" about quite a lot of Conservative M.P.s and their records, while maintaining a discreet silence about those of other political persuasions. The publisher, said Mr. BAXTER tartly, was a "muck-raker."

At once Mr. SILVERMAN intervened with his query, to which Mr. Speaker replied that it was "a matter of taste."

Mr. BRACKEN, who had not been careful to conceal his dislike of the book and its unknown author, added (to loud non-Party cheers) the opinion that it was a pity strained stocks of paper were used to lower the reputation of the House at a time when the greatest military operations in history were beginning.

Mr. SHINWELL protested with some heat at this comment, to be told

briskly that he was "in too much of a hurry to become an elder statesman." Mr. SHINWELL's protests grew louder, more vehement, and he was told soothingly by Mr. Speaker that all had to take the rough with the smooth.

Everybody looked hopefully around when Questions ended, but Mr. CHURCHILL's seat remained empty, so Members began to debate on the location of industry, which was the subject of the Barlow (or was it Beveridge, Uthwatt or Scott?) report.

It seems that the Government is going to do something about the location of industry—when there is some industry and "locations" are less needed by the devotees of that essential if not exactly productive, industry: national defence.

Thursday, June 8th.—Mr. CHURCHILL turned up to-day, and M.P.s craned forward eagerly to listen to his expected war-statement.

He gave it. It was simply to the effect that, while maintaining public morale (if that were needed), Members should sound a note of caution to their constituents, and try to ensure that optimism was restrained. For, while great dangers lay behind us, great exertions lay before us.

It was a timely reminder.





"Got yer! Taken completely by surprise!"

### Under the Hood

**D**ESPITE the coolness of the air surrounding my aeroplane—occasioned of course by the air-screw which is rotating at eighteen hundred revolutions per minute—I feel that I am blushing hotly. An acute sense of guilt sweeps over me every time I allow my gaze to be directed at the Grecian head encased in the tight-fitting beautiful black helmet belonging to the gentleman in front, for to-day there is about that familiar object an item that is embarrassingly unfamiliar. That item is a dingy brown strap running through a rusty buckle and serving the purpose of securing to the gentleman's face a pair of enormous and unsightly though admittedly efficient "Service" goggles. It is quite impossible for me not to notice the clash of colour between this fuliginous brown and the background of gleaming black, and equally impossible to forget that it was through a careless piece of flying on my own behalf that such a spectacle should be there to haunt me for the duration of this exercise and possibly many others to come.

I have not disclosed to the gentleman

the fact that, on the evening following that unfortunate flight when I stalled the aeroplane into a cloud and caused his expensive goggles with their handsome white elastic to fly off his head and descend to the earth, I rode out on my bicycle to that part of the district over which I estimated we had been flying at the time in the hope of finding them lying on the ground. Unfortunately I was unsuccessful in my mission, and indeed narrowly escaped being taken into custody as a suspicious character whilst picking my way through the thick undergrowth and probing with a stick every bush within a radius of two hundred yards.

I must say that the gentleman himself has shown a surprising forbearance in mentioning the subject, and except for the few minutes immediately following the incident, when I was subjected to a remarkable flow of eloquence, he has never referred to it again.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

But stay! Could it be that the gentleman is acquainted with these very thoughts that are passing through my mind? It would almost appear so, for he has just commanded me to shut off my vision from the outside world, to put a curtain, as it were, between the two of us, in which case the object of my embarrassment will no longer be visible to me. In a word I am to fly blind.

Hastening to comply with his command I fumble with my right hand for the strip of strong fabric that runs from the green hood resting across the fuselage behind the cockpit almost down to the level of my seat. The hood itself is retained in its present position by two extremely powerful parachute elastics, and it seems to me that an incredible amount of energy needs to be exerted to move the thing at all. Furthermore as I heave on the fabric strip with every ounce of my strength (and I never feel so strong in the air as I do on the ground), at the same time pressing my back into the rear of the cockpit, bracing my feet against the rudder-bar to obtain a better purchase and rising as far off

my seat as the Sutton harness will allow, I have an uncanny feeling that all this physical exertion that is being applied to the starboard side of the aeroplane must be causing it to fly round in ever-diminishing circles to the right. I feel, that is to say, as if I were pulling the nose of the machine around with me, although, glancing for a moment at the horizon ahead, I observe that this is not so.

What I do observe, however, is that the fabric strip is caught in the door so that in actual fact I have not been pulling at the hood at all—a regrettable oversight which I hope has escaped the attention of the gentleman in front. It seems necessary, therefore, to open the door, although I feel bound before doing so to acquaint the gentleman with my intention. . . .

"I am going," I say, "to open the door."

For some reason such an everyday remark—the sort of remark one might make in a room if the chimney began to smoke—seems odd and out of place when spoken over the intercom. up here a mile above the ground. The head in front merely nods and the dingy brown strap dances menacingly before my eyes.

Twisting my body to face the door, I press the two catches to effect its release, push it slightly outwards and free the fabric strip so that I am now ready to try again.

There is still a certain amount of resistance, but at last, with a mighty effort, the hood flies over my head and snaps down on the fuselage directly in front of the cockpit with a report that can be heard even above the noise of the engine. . . .

It is a pity that I should have failed to remove my left hand from in front of the crash pad where I had temporarily placed it whilst attending to the door, as the pain I am suffering from my knuckles as they lie crushed between the metal bar of the hood and the wooden upper decking of the fuselage is excruciating enough to distract my attention from the instruments by whose assistance I shall now be forced to fly. Neither is it of any comfort to hear the voice of the gentleman in front, who apparently has noticed the tips of my fingers protruding beneath the green canopy, informing me dispassionately that it would be as well to extricate my hand from its present position as I shall require it in a moment to operate the throttle. Gritting my teeth and leveraging the hood open a fraction with my other hand, I do as I am bid and plunge my damaged fingers deep into the fur-lined knee pocket of my flying suit in the

hope that the warmth will help to soothe the pain.

Fortunately at the moment the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet is flying the machine, so that I am afforded the opportunity of accustoming myself to this rather queer sensation of complete isolation under my little canopy of green. Suddenly, within a matter of seconds, I am made aware that here is some extraordinarily vivid association of ideas—something incredibly similar happened to me years and years ago. What could it have been? Admittedly my attention should be elsewhere, but I feel bound to solve this strange problem with all possible speed. . . . Isolation under a canopy of green and a left hand throbbing with pain. . . .

With a rush it comes to me—that day in the field at the back of my home when, as a young and wildly enthusiastic Boy Scout, I crawled into the little green tent I had just erected and nursed the hand I had dealt a savage blow with a heavy wooden mallet.

Relieved that I have been able to establish the association, I attend to the remarks that are now being addressed to me by the gentleman in front in a voice that sounds strangely remote and distant because of our temporary "separation." I am being advised, it appears, to raise my goggles from my eyes as the absence of slipstream will cause them to steam up—but, he suggests with a perceptible change of inflection, I had better

ensure that they are secured firmly to my helmet, as it is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility that when I subsequently raise the hood I will have succeeded in inverting the aeroplane, the force of gravity will be exerted—and even "Service" goggles are not always easy to replace. . . .

## Command Performance

THE following points arise out of the dress rehearsal of the concert which the good ladies of this canteen hope to give to His Majesty's H.M. Forces.

Will Miss Prangle please note that when O/C Canteen employs the full basses on her harmonium she requires more frequent pumping than is the case when she is merely engaged upon her treble work?

The Misses Garde and Baskett are to be commended on their curtain work. Will these good ladies kindly remember that the ratchet should always be employed on the winding gear? Mrs. Daunceton-Withby's dramatic cry at the end of her monologue should be the signal for the curtain to fall and not attributed to the premature descent of same.

Will Miss Twigge please note that the left of the stage is on one's right as one affixes the scenery? O/C Canteen was perturbed to discover during her solo that her little grey home in the west was not.

Miss Twittle will continue as i/o lighting. Will this good lady please see that she has pushed her plugs well in and remember that the large switch should be pushed UP when the lights are required to go DOWN and the opposite vice versa?

Will Mrs. Dinkle please remember during her spirited arias that the microphone attachment is but five feet in length?

Miss Prangle is requested to note that the bracketed instructions, e.g. (whispers) (shouts), are only intended for the actual cast and do not affect her work as prompter.

All available personnel are asked to assist in the rapid change of scenery for the grand finale. Will they kindly pay attention to the fact that O/C Canteen has had the bottle of Arnica refilled and that the vicar hopes to be present?

On your toes, girls! The show is on!  
(Sgnd.) A. WHISTLE (Mrs.)  
O/C Canteen.



"I couldn't be certain about hitting the target."

## At the Play

### "THE WINTER'S TALE" (OPEN AIR)

ONCE more, after a gap of several years, *The Winter's Tale* appears as a summer diversion in Regent's Park. The play, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, a strange pattern of darkness and light, is scarcely an inevitable choice for the open air. A rustle of branches in full leaf and the twittering of what Sheridan's (and Mr. Puff's) Tilburina called "all the finches of the grove" go oddly with agonizings in the Sicilian palace—which one pictures as heavily Byzantine—the gnarled speeches of *Leontes*, and the early alarums of trial and error. It is long before we reach Shakespeare's Bohemian girl after Time, as Chorus, has bridged sixteen years with his stilted couplets.

Even so, in this revival the Sicilian rigours compare well with the flowered lyric-garland of the sheep-shearing. In particular Mr. ERNEST MILTON (the *Leontes*) and Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT (the *Paulina*) are players who can speak resoundingly without doing violence to the verse, and who have the breadth of style to command the wide spaces of stage and auditorium. Mr. MILTON, in spite of his mannerisms and his wayward voice, is always exciting to watch. With this incalculable actor we never know what may be around the corner. If at one moment he seems to falter, at the next he will startle us by some memorable felicity. His stricken King, racked by jealousy's yellow fever, remains in mind as an uncomfortably just study in self-torment. Miss BENNETT, once an Old Vic *Hermione*, has now a part more immediately rewarding. She brings to *Paulina* the "sword-bright eyes" of Swinburne's Queen of Scots and a steel-true delivery to match. Her railing against *Leontes* is the evening's peak. Miss CECILY BYRNE's *Hermione* has nobility without very much pathos, though she speaks well in her defence.

So to the sea-coast of Bohemia, to the idyll of *Perdita*, and to *Autolycus* the pedlar, a part which some

comedians, given their head, will turn into a mere gallimaufry of gambols. (A recent *Autolycus* offered only an expansive variety turn which emphasized every unconsidered trifle.) Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL now restores the true man, a vagrant rich in ballads, songs, and snatches; a rogue, sharp of mind and eye, who in his time has served the Prince and who can affect a patronizing hauteur in the meeting with *Shepherd* and *Clown*. Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA's *Shepherd*, the ancient of these scenes from *la vie de*

more in the little part of *Antigonus* than its player has yet discovered.)

J. C. T.

### "THE QUAKER GIRL" (COLISEUM)

BEFORE going to the Coliseum you may reflect, as I did, that the "tender grace of a day that is dead" is unlikely to return. Certainly, the first act of *The Quaker Girl* causes us to wonder what magic could have illumined it at the Adelphi of 1910. Later the temperature rises, and at the end, as you wait on the steps for your hansom,

you may have to admit that portions of the revival have a quite unexpected vitality. LIONEL MONCKTON's score, which ignores the tongs and the bones, is still agreeable, and there is one moment which must please any playgoer with a feeling for tradition in the theatre. That is when, towards the close of the second act, *Prince Carlo* (Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN) sings "Come to the Ball" and the melody sweeps us back to the high days of musical comedy, the Edwardian and early Georgian years when the convention was not outmoded and the merry widows and the Quaker girls wore the early lustre that no revival can match.

The Coliseum production—a curious successor to *Something for the Boys*—owes much to Miss CELIA LIPTON's grave and clear-voiced *Prudence*, a performance perfectly in the mood of the old piece; to the French dressmaker of Miss IVY ST. HELIER; to Mr. DUNN, to Miss PEGGY LIVESEY as the jealous

*Diane*, and to the chorus. One dares not pause to consider the plot. This is past repair, with its Bonapartist princess, its King's Messenger, and its Quaker girl who is transplanted from Ye Olde Englyshe Village, half-timbered and half-baked, to zat vairy Gay Paree known only to the librettist. The comic man *Jeremiah* defies modernization: his part is as funny as the topical jokes in a minor Jacobean comedy. But when all is said the music is the thing. After the curtain has fallen—and the man behind you has ceased to murmur the name of Gertie Millar—you will be thinking less about plot or quip than of one still lingering tune.

J. C. T.



THE PYGMALION TOUCH

<i>Hermione</i> . . . . .	MISS CECILY BYRNE
<i>Paulina</i> . . . . .	MISS VIVIENNE BENNETT
<i>Leontes</i> . . . . .	MR. ERNEST MILTON

*Bohème*, manages to present an old man without being too obviously a character actor. For the rest, Miss SARA JACKSON's *Perdita* would be better if she could let the flower-speeches grow naturally: at present she is too studied. Still, it is a likeable performance and one which deserves a more spirited *Florizel*. Finally, two unrelated notes. First, this gallant revival, prodigal of beard and wig, is a barber's nightmare: the disguised *Polixenes* flaunts a specially choice set of whiskers at the sheep-shearing. Second, even in Regent's Park, Mr. STEPHEN THOMAS—the producer—does not stage the notorious "exit, pursued by a bear." (There is, incidentally,



## Sing of Beans.

PEOPLE wonder nervously whether in years to come this century will be judged by its poetry, and as very few of us can read modern poetry we may well be nervous. We tremble to think that a thirtieth-century professor may make whimsical deductions about us from the fact that some big stiff wrote "Thought is elliptical, so is sound." It would not do at all. And suppose that the professor got hold of this:

only at nightfall ethereal rumours  
revive for a moment a broken  
Coriolanus,

or this:

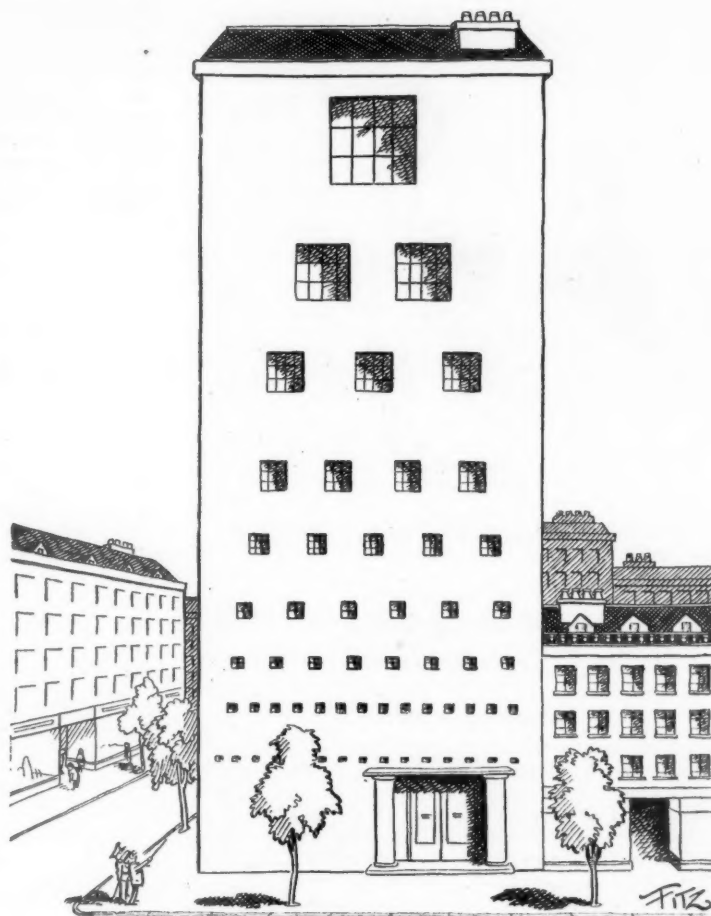
and mazurkas about tweak-  
ing his wing collar pecking at his im-  
peccable cravat

with no commas, what's more. Of course we realize that these chaps leave out the punctuation in order to protect themselves against being dipped into, but future generations will put a much sterner interpretation on the whole thing.

However, I have a pretty shrewd idea that our popular songs, and not our unpopular poetry, will be called on to justify us in years to come—those words that pour from music shops on to the passer-by and haunt us as we devour jolly little pink sausages at lunch in our favourite café. If you doubt me cast your mind back to the Elizabethans (cast it still further if you are a B.A. and can). By what do we judge the Elizabethans? Song-hits from popular plays of course: things about Marion's nose being red and raw and sigh no more ladies and then come kiss me sweet-and-twenty. Subjects that you might bring up in ordinary conversation without losing face. And that is how we too must be judged.

What if we did sing "I like bannannas because they have no bones"? That was in one of our weaker moments. Bannannas, they will say, these research students, were evidently regarded as a source of lyrical inspiration. We also sang "No love, no nothing till my baby comes home," and "He calls me lollipop, I call him sugar-plum." A fanciful crowd, they will think, going to the sweet-counter for metaphors. Gay, they will call us, and debonair; the Elizabethans will seem dim by comparison.

All accusations of sacrilege are confuted by a little experiment I tried on my father. I was playing Shakespeare's "When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding," syncopated on a



"... and that's the Head Offices of the Amalgamated Society of Opticians."

gramophone record, when my father came in and screwed up his face. "Shakespeare," I said in a sepulchral tone, and he brightened up at once and said so it was, the Bard himself. Whereas if I had arranged "You're the cream in my coffee and the salt in my stew" as a madrigal and had it played for him, he would have said in one frozen syllable the word jazz.

Having established my thesis I must admit to cold feet in one direction. Let no one judge us by "Never trust a Jumping Bean." It is going too far. It caught me unawares at the pictures where I went to see something good, and it came over in a not so good fore-runner. The American, disguised by earrings as an Italian Mexican, called

it a "jomping bean" with a soft j, which added to the impression of the bean's general unreliability in a way a hard j could never have done. The singer explained at length that the great thing she had against this bean was that "it jomps and it jomps."

As she sang, all the adjectives that I had ever flung at the Elizabethans, like "carefree" and "frivolous," seemed to come back in my teeth. It was wonderful and terrible that we could sit there, soldiers and sailors and income-tax collectors, tired after our day's work, and accept without question the injunction never to trust a jomping bean. This sturdy generation, the research student will write, could take anything.



"There's a lady here who wants a secretary—can you cook?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Paris-Underground

WOMEN are as a rule much less given to self-dramatization than men, and therefore narrate exciting events with less heroics and more convincingly. Mrs. ETTA SHIBER's *Paris-Underground* (HARRAP, 10/6) is one of the most thrilling books produced by the war, but is written with an unassuming sincerity which makes even its most hair-raising episodes actual to the reader. When the war broke out Mrs. SHIBER, the widow of an American newspaper-man, was living in Paris with Kitty Beaurepos, an Englishwoman who had separated from her French husband. She and her friend were both middle-aged and comfortably off. Their adventures began when they drove out of Paris as the Germans approached it. After describing the congestion on the main road to the south with extraordinary clarity and exactitude, Mrs. SHIBER narrates how she and her friend met an R.A.F. officer, William Gray, secreted him in their car, and, abandoning their attempt to escape to the south, took him back to their Paris flat. Kitty Beaurepos, who Mrs. SHIBER believes will be remembered as the Edith Cavell of this war, determined to get William Gray into unoccupied France. Her efforts, which were successful, brought her into touch with an underground organization, helped by whom she smuggled into safety a hundred and fifty of the English soldiers stranded in France after the retreat of our armies. The Frenchmen who ran this organization are excellently described, especially a young priest, Father Christian, and an old countryman of seventy-three, whose tolerant common sense was as remarkable as his courage. "I'm not one of those who think the old man a traitor," he said of Pétain. "After all, your wits can't be as sharp as you get along in life as they were in your prime . . . take me, for instance. . . . He was fooled—that's all there is to it." Though she had tried to dissuade her friend from following up their success with William Gray, Mrs. SHIBER stuck to Kitty Beaurepos all through,

and, like her, was eventually caught. Her examinations, the methods and characters of her German examiners, her trial and various imprisonments are all described in the same vivid but unforced manner, one of the best things in the book being her account of Louise, a genuine criminal, who was much affronted by the "politicals," and once exclaimed "What's the country coming to when people like that can call themselves criminals?" The book ends with Mrs. SHIBER back in the States, after being exchanged against a German spy, and Kitty Beaurepos, so far as is known, in a German concentration camp. H. K.

#### The Making of a Farmer

Planners, one notes, have very little use for anything so individualistic as apprenticeship. For apprenticeship means knowing what you want to do, finding a man who does it, and asking him to let you try your hand at doing it under his critical eye. Yet if masters and 'prentices could replace teachers and the great untaught, England, one feels, might begin to look more like England. It is because Mr. GEORGE HENDERSON deliberately apprenticed himself to farming, worked every knot of his passage, and is now running his Cotswold acres assisted by well-paid, enthusiastic and increasingly expert pupils that *The Farming Ladder* (FABER, 8/6) is the most exemplary (as it is one of the most exhilarating) of books on "the creative work of the farmer . . . independent of tariffs and subsidies." Here you have a lad straight from school who sought proficiency on three farms, where horses, pigs-and-poultry and hill sheep took pride of place, before taking on a derelict estate in Oxfordshire. His is not, even now, a big farm, though its pedigree stock is famous. "Large-scale farming in this country is," he says, "the writing on the wall." It is, however, intensely productive and—like all good farms, good workshops and good homes—a notable school of other like-minded ventures. H. P. E.

#### "When Irish Eyes . . ."

Mr. FRANK O'CONNOR's stories of Ireland—his new collection is *Crab Apple Jelly* (MACMILLAN, 7/6)—steer most adroitly between notorious extremes: nothing but plot and nothing but sensibility. Plots they do have, in the sense that time passes and brings its ordinary changes, but these are not tampered with to make a formal head and tail. The nearest approach to a set plot occurs in perhaps the best of them, "The Miser," yet this comic fooling of the greedy is not so much planned by the dying man as forced upon him by an obstinate public delusion. In "The House That Johnny Built," again, his two disappointments with women are merely exemplary, the last two straws to break the heart of a repressed romantic. What kills *Johnny* is not these disappointments alone, but a lifetime of minor ones before ever the story opens. The action is simply to show the various aspects of a character. Mr. O'CONNOR's charming account of two sporting monks shows that his humour is imaginative, and the encounter of the two priests with a French sea-captain that his talent might at least be tried on a larger scale: it reads like an episode in an extremely vivid novel. He has one trick, however, which he would be better without. This is to tag on a couple of lines of bald physical description, in the manner of a police report, which gives the reader no vision and is therefore useless and irrelevant. Even this may be forgiven him for his steadfast refusal to be sorry for his people: a maudlin sentiment that disfigures many of our short stories. J. S.

*Ex Umbra*

Shadow of war and shadow of death overhang the post-humously printed poems of LAURENCE BINYON: with this difference, that the first grows ever darker and the second is shot with rifts of almost unbearable light. *The Burning of the Leaves* (MACMILLAN, 2/-) is a pious gleaning by CICELY BINYON of less than a score of printed pages. Yet these have not only contemplative wisdom but a craftsmanship that never ceases to exult in the tension between trial and accomplishment. Of war nothing is perceived but disaster. To the poet our age is a deserted theatre, "empty as a skull," save for the charwomen on their dusty rounds lit by a dying chandelier. The "rubbish of the old world . . ."

"Truth, justice, love, beauty, the human smile,  
All flung to the flames"

feeds the indiscriminating bonfires of the titular poem. Yet light as light is still unquenchable; and the poet, like the dying Goethe, reverts to it with ardour, bringing the resources of the "single soul, always in the midst"—the past, which is an old man's present, the future with its eternal possibilities—to bear upon the agonizing moment. Candour, courage and a high expectancy—to have found these to face death with is no small tribute to life.

H. P. E.

*Demi-Paradise*

It is a pity that Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON did not compile this anthology (*England*: MACMILLAN, 7/6) instead of merely writing a very interesting, if perhaps somewhat guarded, introduction to it. Anthologizing does not rank high among the exertions of the human mind; if an art at all, it is a minor one. But such individuality as an anthology may possess is likely to be more marked if one or at the most two persons are responsible for it. The present collection, which might suitably be subtitled "From a College Window," has been compiled by a Committee of the English Association; and if any surprising items were submitted to the Committee they have not been included. England, as pictured in the three hundred poems here assembled, is a blameless but, after a time, somewhat wearisome place. Cowper (see page 141) loved England in spite of her faults. Had he read this anthology, he might have loved her because of them; or at least felt that they set off England's virtues to advantage. The Committee has included a few items, such as Raleigh's *The Lie* and some of the less memorable stanzas in James Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night*, from which a careful reader could infer that England was not an earthly paradise. But the general tone of the book conforms with the verses on Shakespeare, by Sir E. K. Chambers, who says that he likes to think of Shakespeare not when he was jesting with Burbage and Ben or writing *Lear* and *Othello*, but in his Stratford retirement, when he "pruned his rose, and ate his pippin in his orchard close." It would be unreasonable to expect a book in praise of England to dilate on the Wars of the Roses and the African slave-trade, the press-gangs and penal code of the eighteenth century, and the factory system of the nineteenth. But there ought to be a fair proportion of shadow in it. This book would have been greatly strengthened if, to give two or three examples, instead of the tepid irony of Thackeray's *King Canute* ("King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist always") it had contained something from *Timon of Athens*; if T. E. Brown had been represented not by "The Organist in Heaven" but by "Clifton"; and the home-thoughts of Browning been replaced by the home-thoughts of Samuel Butler after the Restoration.

H. K.

*One World One Police*

One of the best and clearest accounts yet presented of a World Police Force regarded as the living and working organization that it may be destined to become, with its own traditions, methods and well-understood limitations, is to be found in a study by Captain G. B. SHIRLAW and Major L. E. JONES called *You and the Peace* (MACMILLAN, 6/-). The earlier chapters, consisting of a series of fairly familiar and indeed unanswerable arguments opposing wholesale vengeance on Germany's population, immense demands for cash reparations, destruction of German industry and so on, are framed ostensibly as a set of problems posed for us ordinary folk, and though to be sure the question generally "expects the answer" yes or no, as the case may be, beyond possibility of any blundering of ours, readability improves when the rather fidgety interrogatory is abandoned in favour of frank advocacy of the larger internationalism. Once this is achieved the authors are to be congratulated on the unpretentious conversational way they have of setting out their arguments. Their idiom, often curiously reminiscent of Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, has a quality which in itself goes far to make one hope that a time may come when any group of persons aiming to break the public peace will be treated with as little ceremony as a gang of hooligans.

C. C. P.

*Running Repairs*

The prologue of *Burma Surgeon* (GOLLANCZ, 9/-), by Lieut.-Colonel GORDON S. SEAGRAVE, M.C., is an adventure story in itself, beginning in Rangoon when the author, then aged five, heard of "wild jungles and great deeds," from a medical missionary, and ending, after he was qualified, with a day in America when the operating-room superintendent tidied away some broken-down surgical instruments into a waste-paper basket. For five years the author's surgical work in Burma was performed with the instruments from that basket. The story is divided into three sections. "Burma Mission" describes operations, which included the cutting of red tape, unorthodox native nurses and, greatest triumph of all, the building of a hospital—actual building, and stone-carrying from a river two miles from the site. "Burma Road" tells of plague and malaria, all sorts of adventures, and "Battle of Burma" describes the loss of nearly everything but heart. Well, the author has done many big jobs and writes of them in a fascinating book.

B. E. B.



"Get fell in!"



## They are Wonderful.

I HAD never had very much to do with the police, so when the C.O. told me I had been "selected" to attend a certain important lecture by a certain important lecturer given to a certain body of police at a certain house in the country my first reaction was one of alarm. A single policeman is impressive; a body, surely, must be overwhelming.

When my car pulled up before the grey old mansion a superintendent of police ran up and opened the door. "Good afternoon, General," he said, and saluted. Inspectors and sergeants flitted up respectfully.

"No, no," I said, misjudging the height of the doorway as I emerged and knocking my hat sideways—"Second-Lieutenant Pike." I straightened my

hat and returned the salute smartly, but the superintendent's narrowed eyes were gazing down the long drive. "Oh, yes," he said, "the sergeant will look after you."

"You can't leave the car here," said a sergeant to my driver. The driver looked at me. "Do as the sergeant says, Corporal," I told him. He drove away. I was surrounded by policemen.

The sergeant handed me over to a gigantic constable, who led me off ponderously across the gravel. "It's a nice place you have here," I said. Unfortunately the constable's opening gambit, "Not bin a very nice day," coincided with my own, so that our respective replies, "Might be a lot worse," and "Absolutely beastly," also

collided in mid-air. We gave it up after that.

We crunched our way round to the great iron-studded side door. As we came to a halt I had a most extraordinary experience. I heard music. Here, in the heart of England's damp and rolling countryside, one foot on the step of one of England's stately homes, a huge policeman at my elbow, I heard music.

No, no, it was my imagination. I was a little overwrought. When the constable opened the door the house was silent. We went in.

The room was enormous—wide, lofty, pillared; the ball-room, no doubt. Everything was very still, particularly the policeman on the platform at the far end. Almost as still, standing rigidly, their backs to me, were the three or four hundred policemen of all ranks, assembled to hear a certain important lecture from a certain important lecturer.

My escort led me heavily up the centre aisle. It seemed a long way. A growing buzzing and shuffling followed in my wake, as the downward glances read and construed the single star on my shoulder. By the time I had reached the front seat reserved for me strong-minded policemen at the back had begun to sit down, to re-light the hastily-extinguished cigarettes. The single policeman on the platform gave a few deft touches to the table and the chairs and the water-bottle, but it was only when I had sunk gratefully into my seat that he took a half-hesitant step towards the piano in the corner of the stage.

Voices began to call out from the now re-seated audience.

"Go on, Ginger! False alarm!"

"Swing it, Ginge!"

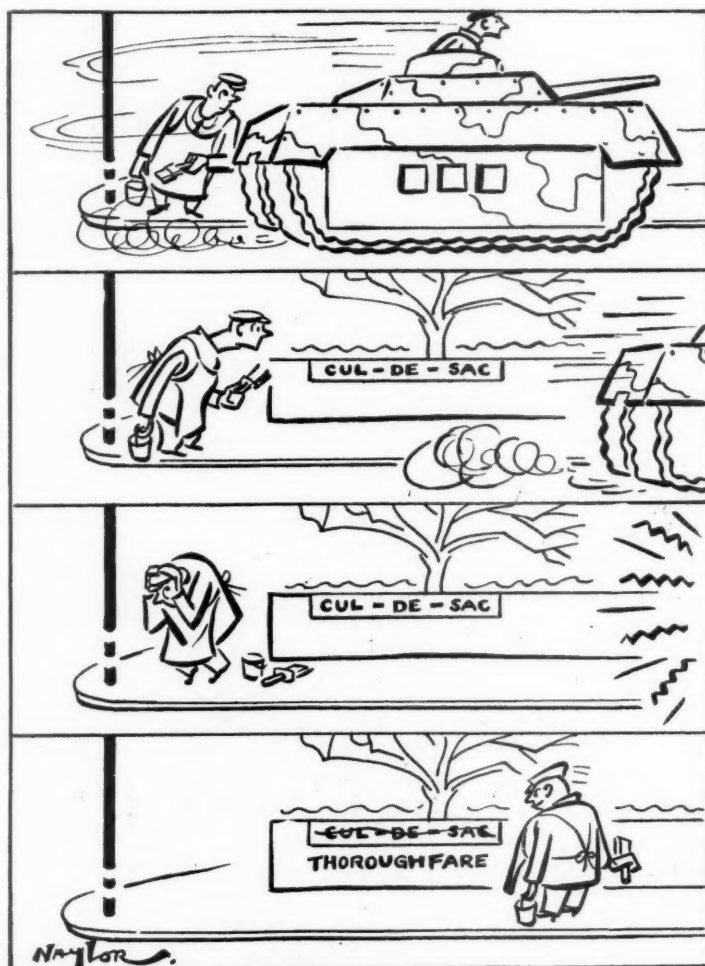
"Give us 'Irish Eyes'!"

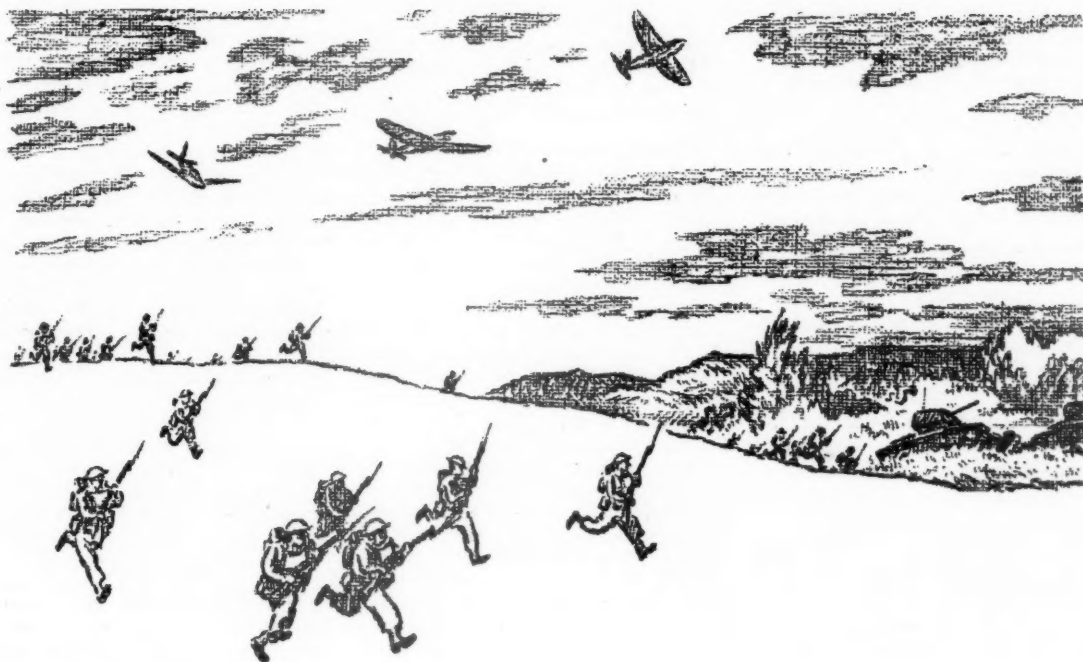
"What about 'I'm in Love with Mary'?"

An independent group began to chant "I Belong to Glasgow," but were subdued by jeers and the cries of rival claimants. Ginger approached the piano and struck the keyboard a series of powerful introductory blows.

The audience cheered. A chief inspector sitting two seats from me offered me a cigarette and said, "He's a lad, is Ginger."

Ginger played the piano. His style was vigorous and highly decorative, particularly in the treble, where numerous *glissandos* with thumb or forefinger enlivened the somewhat





*Siddons*

*"Shall we let 'em play through?"*

pedestrian melody of "Oh, Johnny." He beat time with both feet, raising them some four inches from the stage-cloth. "Oh, Johnny, oh, Johnny, oh!" roared the three or four hundred policemen of all ranks. "Yippee!" shrielled somebody at the back when it was over.

"Nellie Dean," called a voice.

"NELLIE DEAN!" demanded the three or four hundred.

During this item I studied the notices pinned to the stage's back curtain:

REMEMBER YOU ARE A PUBLIC SERVANT

HAVE YOU ADMINISTERED THE CAUTION?

CAREFUL FORETHOUGHT SAVES ANXIOUS  
AFTERTHOUGHT

TACT MAY SUCCEED WHERE  
CLEVERNESS FAILS

("There's an old mill by the stream  
... Nellie Dean ...")

BEWARE OF SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS  
SYSTEMATIC THINKING MUST  
PRECEDE ACTION

("... I love you ... Nellie Dean!") "Good old Ginger! More!"

LITTLE COURTESIES SWEETEN LIFE

The clock on the wall said three-fifteen. The lecture had been scheduled for three o'clock. I was not surprised when a stout superintendent three seats away from me rose, papers in hand, and made his way on to the stage. Ginger, ignorant of his approach, was well launched on "After the Ball Is Over," the most recent request number, but his hands died on the keys at the superintendent's whispered word.

From the tall reading-desk the superintendent surveyed the assembly, quelling the remnants of laughter and

song with a steely eye. He glanced at his notes before he began to speak.

"A grand little lad was young Al-bert," he said,

"A country policeman was he,  
But somehow he found that promotion

Did not come his way easi-ly ..."

The chief inspector two seats away leaned across and said with a wink, "He composed this 'imself!'"

The superintendent's composition was very well received. To the lay mind some of the loudest laughter was difficult to account for, but the wags and nods of the chief inspector's head told me that many a point had been scored against the quirks of police officialdom. When the cheering had finally died away a cry of "Lenny! We want Lenny!" arose. "We want Lenny. We—want—Lenny!"

Lenny was a very tall thin constable. He came forward, mounted the platform and gave a great exhibition of embarrassment. The more the three or four hundred laughed, the greater his embarrassment became. Lenny told three excellent stuttering stories, rich with West Country idiom, winding up, with a nod to Ginger, with a song, "You-you-you-you-you Tell 'er, 'cause I-I-I-I-I Stutter So."

The cheers were loud. Then there arose an odd request, gathering supporters from all over the room—"Tell us about the dead man, Lenny!"

Lenny was embarrassed. It appeared that he and a fellow-constable, owing to circumstances too involved to set down here, had been confronted with the task of taking a corpse for a shave in a barber's shop. ("Your mate's a bit quiet, ain't 'e?" said the barber,

lathering away ... ) The stately ball-room rocked. Chief inspectors choked, superintendents cried, sergeants slapped their thighs and poked constables in the ribs. Just as the narrative had reached its climax of suspense the door at the far end of the room opened. We were on our feet, faces straight and cigarettes out, in about a second and a half. Lenny had dissolved amongst us as if by magic. Glancing over my shoulder I saw the stolid, humourless ranks, heavy-jawed, serious men, remembering that they were public servants, beware of short cuts to success, ready to administer the caution at a moment's notice. Through the centre aisle approached the silver-braided peak of the Chief Constable, a glint of scarlet coming along behind him. ...

I don't remember a great deal about the important lecture by the important lecturer. It was quite short, and there were some sensible questions asked afterwards. He didn't get quite the applause that had been accorded the superintendent's composition.

I've told the C.O. that there is another informative and important lecture taking place there in a week or two. The constable who escorted me to my car dropped a hint. As an added inducement he mentioned that there would be a concert in the evening. ...

J. B. B.

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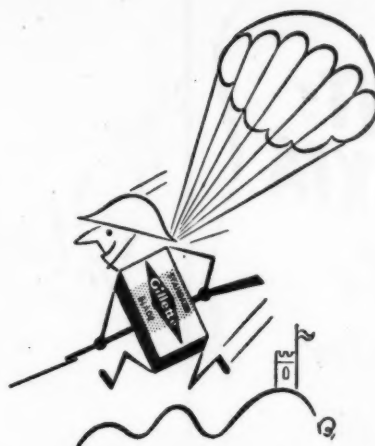
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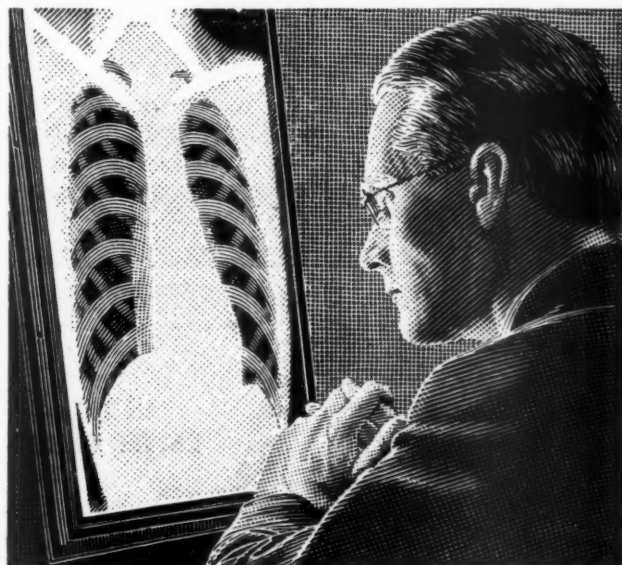


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